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M A L L  
AND HER  
MASTER :  
Or, Adialogue between a  
Quaker  
AND  
His Maid.

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Here you may see how Quakers use to Woove,  
And what the flesh sometimes can make them do,  
This Maid he does debauch, and basely slight  
His lawful Wife, yet still cries up the Light.

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L O N D O N ,

ALMA MATER

AND HER

ALMA MATER

OF A LADY'S BAZAAR

FOR THE

CHAIR

THE ALMA MATER

How many a heart  
Aches for the gift  
The Alma Mater  
The Alma Mater

LO. MOON

66

(1)

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M A L L  
AND HER  
MASTER.

OR, A

Dialogue: &c.

Master.

Moll.

**M**ary where is thy Dame?

Gone Sir to the Meeting at the Bull and Mouth.

Master.

Let her go, I do not find freedom in my self this day to go forth; But tell me Mary, who was it that thou talked'st with in the Shop last Evening when I came in;

Moll. No body, but a young Man a Friend of mine that came to see me.

Master. A young Man, a Friend! Mary, then I perceive thou beginnest to think a young Man the best Friend; Well I cannot blame thee, Nature (as they call it) will have it's course;

A 2

Moll.

(2)  
Moll. Truly Sir, I do not understand you, the young man came only to see how I did, and so went away.

Master. I but Mary was not there a little talk of Love matters between you, did he not kiss thee Mary.

Moll. Yes, I must confess he did salute me.

Master. And why Mary may not I salute thee too, come kiss me again.

Moll. Oh! I am ashamed, I cannot do it indeed.

Master. I say Mary! do it, am not I thy master, and is it not thy duty to be obedient and do whatever I command thee.

Moll. Well if it must be so--- but I profess I am quite ashamed.

Master. Tis well, now thou art a good Damsel, I love to be just and upright in all my ways, ther's thy Kiss again, and now I am out of thy Debt.

Moll. Pray let me go, I have my dishes to wash, and the beds to make, and my mistress will be angry when she comes home if I have done,

Master. Let the dishes stay, and for the Beds I care not if I help thee make them my self, come put to the door and we will go up presently.

Mol. Oh Gemini I cannot indure your hand between my breast, it does so tickle me, pray let me alone, I shall never have made the bed else;

Master. Nay, nay, I will not offer any violence unto thee, but will tell the truth Mary, thou knowest that thy Dame is a Woman far stricken in years, and I do not find that refreshing and consolation from her in bed that is fit and necessary, and therefore the light within tells me 'tis not only lawful but expedient, to find out a more convenient help-meet, and of all I know I do not know any female Creature to whom the bowels of my Affection are more earnestly stretched out than to thy self, Wherefore if thou art free to be kind to me I will give thee twenty shillings a year more than thou hast bargained for with thy Dame, besides now and then a Petticoat, or a Scarf or the like.

Moll.

(2)

Moll. I know not what you mean by being kind to you, I have been always ready to serve you justly and honestly.

Master. Thou ignorant maid! I do not mean in the way of honesty, but after the manner of all the earth.

Moll. I but master that is a great sin and I dare not do it:

Master. Thou speakest now like one of the foolish women, for I do witness unto thee from the breathings of the internal Light, that it is according to Nature, and that there is no sin nor evil in the thing;

Moll. But what would my Dame say if she should discover that you are so familiar with me, and what a scandal it would be to your Religion if it were known in the World.

Master. Never trouble thy head about that, we will take such opportunities that we will never fear being discovered, and before thy Dame and other I will seem more strange and harsh to thee than ever to avoid suspicion; Wherefore if I chide some times thou must bear it, I will make thee amends with kindnesses in private.

Mol. Well! but suppose you should get me with child then I am undone.

Master. Nay rather it will be a proof thou hast been well done, but if it so happen I do plainly promise to provide sufficiently, and in time both for thee and the Baby

Moll. I cannot tell what to say to it, I could not be dishonest for all the World, but you are my master, and an honest Religious man I will take some time to consider of it further;

M. Nay, nay the Spirit moves me just now, & I must & will.

Moll. Oh how you tumble and spoil the bed now 'tis just made, and heark there's some body come in, I warrant 'tis my mistress, for Heavens sake let me rise.

Wife. Mary, Mary! where art thou! John why Husband? What is there no body in the house here.

M. What an unlucky woman is this to come just now, run up Mary into the Garret and I will lock this door and pretend my self ill and lain down to sleep, the rest of our business we will finish in the afternoon.

Wife. Why Mary! are thou dead or deaf,

Moll.

(4)  
Moll. Neither, but I was in the Garret, seeking the Boys  
bed, and came down as fast as I could, and answered you  
before, but it seems you did not hear me.

Wife. Where is thy Master?

Moll. About an hour ago he was here and complain'd of his  
head, and I suppose is lain down to sleep for his Chamber door  
is lockt.

Wife. John, John, what hast thou lockt thy self in, prethy  
open the Door.

Husband. I am glad Wife thou art come, for plainly I find  
my self very ill, what time of the day be it.

Wife. About the Twelfth hour.

Husband. Why then get Dinner ready, I will try to eat a  
bit, and afterwards thou shalt go to our Friend the Doctor  
for something to take for I am very ill;

Wife. Yea, I will go presently and dine after I come back?

Husband. Do so then, and tell him that I fear I am in a  
Feaver I am so hot, and that I am not right at heart, and desire  
him to send me a Cordial to comfort me.

Wife. 'Tis very like Husband that I shall acquaint him with  
thy condition, and Mary be sure look well to thy Master till I  
return, and see he does not catch cold.

Moll. I shall do my endeavour.

Master. Come prethy do then, now she is gone again, shut  
the Kitchen door, and let us go up stairs.

Moll. Methinks I am scarce free to do it, but I hope you will  
use me civilly, I profess if you hurt me I will cry out.

Then up the Stairs they mount with nimble pace,

And on her Back she falls, he on her Face :

Where in fierce zeal he did so kiss and shake her

Till every Joynt of her was turn'd a Quaker

He held forth to her with a Lovers haft,

Like Lightning piercing, but as quickly past:

(5)

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,  
 First shows 'um Joys, then snatches them away.  
 Intransigent they lye, and lovingly they kiss,  
 As if like Doves they knew no other bliss:  
 Still in one mouth, their Tongues together play,  
 Whilst wandring hands are no le's pleas'd then they:  
 The Quaker sweats all melting in her charms,  
 And fast lockt up within her Legs and Arms.  
 Till tides of pleasure flowing now no more,  
 He lies like Fish left gasping on the Shore,  
 Which makes her ask him, if it hurt him too,  
 He strives to show her-- Not — But 'twill not do.

Master. Well Mary, did I hurt thee now?

Moll. Well Master, or did I cry out?

Master. Now dear Mary give me one hug and a buss, and go down, thy Dame is ready I judge to come back again from the Doctors, and the Creature-comfort of a Cordial will come now very seasonable to me.

Moll. But Master you promised to give me a new Gown, and truly I shall want it against these Play-days.

Master. Thou shalt have it, here's thirty shillings to buy the Stuff, but be sure let it be civil, and made up as Friends wear theirs, without a bit of Lace upon it, for that is a horrid evil, and I would not suffer one to live in my house that should wear it, or any Ribbons, Curls or other the like abominations.

Thus the sly Hypocrite under the Paint,  
 Of fained niceness would be thought a Saint,  
 And colours Whoredoms and the blackest crimes,  
 With railing against Fashions and the Times;  
 Well may the Gallant frolick with his Miss,  
 Wheneven the Graye Zealot too has his.

FINIS